

# Fortune's Footpad.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Copyright, 1904, by Izola Forrester.

Ramsdell rose from the table leisurely. He did not feel excited or nervous, merely speculative, as he had been when he sat down. Between the time of sitting and the present moment was a difference of exactly forty minutes, and three thousand, seven hundred and eighty dollars. It was a small matter. During the forty minutes, the three thousand odd had fluctuated in splendid and most capricious proportions. At one time Ramsdell believed it had become forty-six thousand dollars. That was when the red was winning. Now it was losing, and Ramsdell rose with a curious sense of relieved tension and speculative content.

There was a crowded semi-circle of faces back of his chair. He did not meet any of the eyes. There would be only pity or amusement in them. Not that he cared for public sentiment! He simply did not want it at all. At least he knew that one face was not there.

It was cool and dark out of doors. He stepped outside the Casino, lit a cigarette and took the promenade toward the palace. It would be quiet up there and he could think. There was much to think of. He had to think whether or not it should be his last chance to think.

As he left the lights and the music behind, he had an odd premonitory feeling of separation from it all, even the hotels and the railway station ahead of him was the castle steep of Monaco, beyond that the sea and the night, and beyond that he lifted his face to the stars and wondered.

He was neither desperate nor un-aided. Several times in his life when a crisis had come, he had found him-

have you arrested as a crank, or a lunatic? What will you do with the money?"

"Use it as fresh capital. I could go to work and earn it, possibly, but it's a waste of time. This is quicker. It's all right except the suicide clause."

"That is merely protection to you. I have no other security to give for the money."

Crittenden nodded appreciatively. He liked grit, but being of an older generation, he also liked the spirit of a man who would not ask something for nothing. It showed principle. On the strength of it, coupled with his previous opinion of young Ramsdell as a wheat speculator, he had taken his note for fifty thousand.

Inside of a year Ramsdell had left Chicago with the remnants of twenty thousand. Fortune was elusive, and had played football with him. Several times he had approached the fifty thousand mark but had never passed it. He had stayed in New York ten months, and had left for Europe with something less than five thousand. It had been a chance. Also, as a minor, personal consideration, he had an idea that it would be easier living up to, or rather dying up to, his word of honor in Europe than at home. There were fewer temptations for living than on the home side.

The second cigarette became an impossible half inch, and he threw it on the ground and lit a third. He had been her first day after reaching Monaco. It had been a momentary glimpse, when for a single instant their glances had met. As he stepped from the entrance of the Hotel de Paris, a white automobile had passed, taking the road to the Riviera. Everything about it was

that of the golden rod. And one day he had found her, kneeling beside a peasant boy in the road. The boy had been run down by her chauffeur, and was more scared than hurt, but his sisters and cousins and aunts, together with the male population of Rudella, had gathered en masse, with evil intentions toward the white automobile. And Ramsdell had taken the curly-headed, sobbing boy in his arms and had carried him up the rocky road to Rudella, a bunch of gray stone houses set like gulls' nests in the cliff crevices. The male population had followed him, together with the sisters, cousins and aunts, and he had soothed their evil intentions with a goodly display of gold.

When he had returned to the cliff road, the white automobile had been waiting for him, and he had spoken with her, merely a few words of thanks, but it had been enough. In the days that followed he had wished devoutly that every peasant boy on the Route de la Corniche could be bribed to take a tumble under the wheels of the white automobile.

And that had been all. She might have been an empress of the Orient for all the chance he had of meeting her, and yet in the few last days of his hopeless, reckless staking on fortune, whim, her face had been always with him. In his lovely serenity he had found a peace that wooed him like a promise of forgetfulness of his own misery. So he had ridden to Mentone more frequently than the average Casino player, and to-night when the parting of the ways had come he found himself musing on the face of Beata O'Isria rather than on the fact that his word of honor demanded that he take a short cut to eternity within an hour.

The promenade was deserted. Below it, the rocks jutted out like Titanic teeth of some beast of prey above the still waters of the Mediterranean. One could leap to them. Not here, where one could see the lights of the Casino, but beyond at the turn of the path, where the shrubbery of the palace gardens shut out the view. He wished it to appear at much as possible, an accident. Suicide carried with it a stigma of deficient moral courage, and the opinion of the world was still dear to him.

At the turn of the path, he stopped suddenly, and threw away the half-smoked cigarette. In exactly the

"No? And for me?" he rose from the table unsteady and excited—"It is all that I long for. You have not stopped me from doing it. To-morrow, the next day, or the next, whenever it can be, it shall be. I will not live."

Ramsdell watched the white young face speculatively. There was a cruel intention in his despair that was pitiful. The boy was certainly in deeper trouble than himself.

"Le tapis vert?" he asked. "To the very end of all. And if I could have staked my life, it would have gone also. But that is not all, 'm'sieur.' He spoke more quietly, with a kind of hopeless awe at the rule he had accomplished. I am more than ruined. I am dishonored. I was not my money. I have made her penniless, too. I wish to die before to-morrow, when she will know."

"Does she love you?"

"I know all that she loves in the world."

"Then you are twice a fool," said Ramsdell calmly. "I am only one. You take your own life from yourself. I take mine from you. To-morrow it's a bad thing to give up when to-morrow holds the cards. Every morning brings a fresh deal, and the game's never done until death rakes the laugh of the world, and possible punishment."

"There was nothing left to cover the dishonor except death."

"My dear boy, do you smoke?" No? Then you should be quieting to the nerves. Death does not cover dishonor. Pardon me, but you take the continental view. It is simply a measure of escape for the offender before the laugh of the world, and possible punishment."

Ramsdell was standing near the door, one hand in his pocket, the other in his cigarette. He felt a sudden earnestness to embrace him. He was convincing himself as well as the other poor devil of the folly of their ways.

"And you say that she loves you. You are very young. As long as you are sure of a woman's love, there is hope. She will forgive you anything." There was a rap on the door. Ramsdell looked at his watch. The hotel attendants answered. Was Monsieur le Marquis within? He had been seen to enter with Monsieur Ramsdell. Visitors wished to see him.

Ramsdell opened the door and stood speechless. Before him in the corridor was the Marchesa Beata D'Isria and John Crittenden of Chicago.

Crittenden spoke first. "Kirke Ramsdell, by George!"

Ramsdell gripped the extended hand mechanically. He was staring at the girl in amazement. She was in evening dress, an exquisite costume of amethyst-colored chiffon and satin, whose material beauty was as elusive as the charm of her lovely face. For the first time in his life Ramsdell realized the spiritual significance of a woman's dress, a dress that could be so utterly an expression of her own individuality as to be beyond description.

In the curls of her fair hair was an orchid, its petals amethyst-colored, its heart a deep Jacqueminot red. Her eyes met his in startled appeal and recognition.

"Where is André?" she asked instantly. Ramsdell turned to his guest. The latter had risen from the table at the opening of the door, and as the Marchesa spoke, he held out his arms to her.

"Beata, do you know?" It was not a pleasurable moment for him. Crittenden had laid aside his hat and cane, and was eying him with considerable satisfaction.

"I'm mighty glad to see that you're O. K. I missed the Saturday boat to Marseilles, and had to come by way of Cherbourg. It has made me late."

"I am also late," Ramsdell spoke with an effort. "It is after midnight, and I'm not dead yet."

"Thank God, that you're not, my boy," said Crittenden, cheerfully. He looked at his watch. "You're off on your time. It is three minutes to twelve. Don't be in a hurry. Ramsdell, I've had an inside track on your affairs for two years. It was a business deal, of course, but I happen to have such a thing as a conscience, and it has troubled me to be a party to a scheme where a man's life was balanced against a mere matter of dollars and cents. When you sank that last twenty thousand in winter wheat, I was the winner. I didn't think that you would settle up, under the circumstances, but you did, and was a pretty decent thing to do. I was all to the good along there, and I took the liberty of placing that twenty thousand in with my own operations for the spring. My boy, we squeezed them to the wall until they yelled. I've got my twenty thousand back, and if you want to cancel that old debt inside of a minute and a half, I don't believe you'll miss it so very much out of cash balance of over six hundred thousand."

"And you came over here to tell me this?"

"Partly. Partly on account of the youngsters over there. I suppose André has been committing suicide again, yes? He tries it every time he gets into hot water. Last time Beata and I found him in Paris hunting a decent, exclusive corner in which to place his head. He has a cheerful cub. I shall take him back with me this time, and marry him off to some clever, level-headed American girl who will talk sense into him. We were to be married here, but I had no idea you two had fallen in together."

"The company of misery," laughed Ramsdell. "I never saw him before in my life."

"Well, my George, that is funny," exclaimed Crittenden. "Didn't know there was a strain of the warranted not-to-fade-in-the-wash European blue blood in our old Chicago line. My sister, Polly Crittenden, married the Marchesa D'Isria. There's the result, André and Beata. Their parents are dead, and they're breaking their necks trying to live up to the traditions of their forefathers over here. But when they get hard up for cold cash and good advice, they remember their forefathers back in Chicago, and cable Uncle Jack to come over and fix matters up. André managed to run wild over here, but I keep the bulk of Polly's money stored home where the frost won't nip it. Isn't that about right, sir?"

"Leave me here," Ramsdell said. "And I, Beata, the unapproachable, Clancy's star, etc., blushed and smiled, and looked as adorably lovable and human as any of her American forefathers."

"I think that we'll call that other affair settled," said Ramsdell, deliberately. "Thank you."

"We will," responded Crittenden heartily. "Don't mention it. Beata, Mr. Ramsdell will sail for home when we go next month, and until then I'd like him up at the villa for safe-keeping."

For the third time their glances met. To Ramsdell, it was a crucial moment. The amethyst-colored orchid had caught in her arm. As Ramsdell looked into her eyes he wondered if she knew what a month at the Villa D'Isria meant to him.

Crittenden was talking to André, his hands resting on the boy's shoulders.

Beata's gaze wavered. There was no conquer in her manner, only the shy dignity and grace of the girl he had loved on the Riviera.

"Somebody said," said Ramsdell, bent and raised the amethyst orchid to his lips.

## Flat Silverware Shows New Shapes

He who would be considered up to date in table etiquette will do well to cultivate a broad and comprehensive acquaintance with the gold and silversmith's art. The demand for culinary novelties and the constantly growing tendency toward daintiness of service, has brought into existence a bewildering array of knives, forks and spoons, and the modern chest of flat sterling silver is a veritable Chinese puzzle to the uninitiated.

When the knives and forks essential to an elaborate course dinner are laid forth to right and left of the service plate, the array is sufficient to strike terror to the heart of the inexperienced diner-out. In spite of the high favor in which the old family chest of silver is held, there is no doubt that fashions in flat silver change almost every year, and the faddish woman tries to keep pace with them, buying at least one new service each year.

One striking change this year is the growing depth of the bowls in all spoons, the shallow bowl having practically disappeared. Bowls are also rounder than they have been in several seasons.

Three designs are in high favor for complete sets. One of these is a new Colonial pattern with the chaste and elegant beading. The second is called the new English pattern, and inside the plain edge of the handle runs a fine etching in scallops, giving a leaf-like effect. Both of these patterns show the highly polished or satin finish. The third pattern is the orchid, in French gray silver, several shades lighter than the oxidized ware. This is ornate and extremely expensive, but exquisite in workmanship.

The up-to-date dinner knife has a steel blade five inches long, with a three-inch handle in the pattern to match the rest of the service. The blade of the breakfast knife, also in steel, is four and a half inches long. The fish knife has a silver blade with a sharp point, and is next in size to the breakfast knife. The game knife has a pointed steel blade, and is fully as long as the breakfast knife. The next knife in size is the fruit knife, all in silver, with plain or saw edge and a pointed blade. The butter spreader is the smallest of all, and takes the form of a rounded scimitar. Of the making of forks there seems to be no end, for it is one of the fads of the hour to eat almost everything with a fork and dispense as far as possible with spoons. The newest dinner fork is larger, and has five bowl-like tines, and the salad fork, with a sharp point, and has three tines, but is distinguished by the tines being of gold. The berry fork, one of the daintiest novelties of the season, has three tines and is smaller than the dinner fork. The salad fork is about the same size, and has three tines, but is distinguished by the tines being of gold. The berry fork, one of the daintiest novelties of the season, has three tines and is smaller than the dinner fork. The salad fork is about the same size, and has three tines, but is distinguished by the tines being of gold.

The new chocolate spoon will appeal most strongly to the feminine mind. It has a small, round bowl, rather deep, which looks not unlike an exaggerated salt spoon. The handle may be long or short, according to the taste of the buyer. The latest orange spoon looks like golden tulip leaves of exaggerated length attached to silver handles. The egg spoon is another one of the long, oval bowls, while the soup spoon of the hour is nothing but last season's bouillon spoon enlarged.

The newest nut pick has a bar of silver surmounted by a tiny squirrel in the finest of the silversmith's art.

## 20th Century Eve and Her Mirror

Eve's pool could not have lent more charm to her fair form than do the mirrors of the present day to the woman who would study her own features. The old-time mirror with its disfiguring, shadow reflections is decidedly a thing of the past, and its successor of clear, brilliant, beveled glass is almost a flattering photograph. The deeper the glass the more distinct is its reflection and a simple way to ascertain its depth is to place the pencil upon it. The space between the pencil's point and its image shows the depth of the glass.

Miladi Millionaire has the doors of her dressing-room paneled with the finest plate mirror so that she may know there is not a frill to give her an ungraceful curve or a lock to spoil the contour of her coiffure. For her who is not so fortunate, either the cheval glass or the triplicate mirror is a very satisfactory substitute. No woman who wishes to appear her prettiest should dress without the aid of the latter, for there is not a face

## There's Health in—

## LEMON JUICE

Various experiments by eminent scientists have proven the great value of lemons in destroying the germs of typhoid fever. Germs of diseases are deposited in the system by the failure of the bowels to act regularly.

MOZLEY'S LEMON ELIXIR is an ideal laxative, made from the juice of pure lemons, and has no equal for cleansing the system of all impurities. It acts promptly on the bowels, liver and kidneys, and does not gripe or cause any unpleasantness. 50 cents per bottle at all drug stores.

## LEMON HOT DROPS

CURE ALL COUGHS AND COLDS.

## MOZLEY'S LEMON ELIXIR

MADE OF LEMONS.

## SPENCER'S MONOMANIA

By LUCY HAMMERSLEY.

"Trusting that this will not shock you too greatly, I remain your loving son. Got that?" he asked.

Miss Murphy nodded.

"Well, I'll sign it now," he said, as he tilted back the typewriter carriage and penciled his initials upon the sheet. "I must get the rest of this stuff up to the postoffice to catch the New York mail sure. Then when I come back we'll go out on the lake."

"You forgot," interrupted Miss Murphy, "that I have those letters to get off for that Chicago man."

"That Chicago man is altogether too communicative," growled Livingston. "I can't say that I blame him. I used to write lots of letters I didn't have to when I first came."

"I know," said Miss Murphy, wickedly. "I felt like urging you to dictate from some book when I saw you cudgling your brains for more things to say in your letters." Then she went back to her work.

Livingston Spencer was by no means as happy as he pretended to be. It was no pleasant task for a chap to compose a letter telling his mother that he is about to upset all her cherished plans, even when he has the valuable assistance of the sweetest little woman in the world. When he had come to Glenvale in the early summer, he had been wonderfully attracted to the public stenographer. He had written scores of unnecessary letters that

"Nonsense," replied Livingston. "Did I mother send you down here to prevent my marriage?"

"Which one?" asked the doctor absently.

"Which one?" shrieked Spencer. "What in time do you mean?"

"Why, the typewriter or the other?"

"Then isn't any other," protested Spencer.

"Oh, yes, there is," retorted Prentiss. "You see, my boy, you are suffering from a rare form of dementia. You have a belief that you are going to marry both Miss Murphy and Miss Carruthers."

"But I don't even know any Miss Carruthers," insisted Livingston.

The physician drew from his pocket a cable form. "Read that," he said shortly. It ran:

"Please see Livingston, Glenvale. He thinks he is going to marry a Miss Carruthers and a typewriter. Must be insane."

It was signed with his mother's name.

"See here, doctor," he said as quietly as he could. "I am going to marry Edna Murphy. Just her! Nobody else!"

"Well," said the physician, "am glad that you have come to your senses at last."

Livingston flung himself out of the room and went in search of Edna, to whom he poured out all his trouble. To his dismay, instead of sympathizing with him, she laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"It's too funny," she panted, as her



The physician drew from his pocket a cable form. "Read that," he said.

he might have a better chance to study her, and in the end he had said "yes" very prettily and sweetly.

Then he had begun to think what his mother and sisters would say. It would make no difference what the engagement was concerned, but they would make it very unpleasant for Edna, and he was determined to protect her feelings.

The letter to his mother was followed by one to his elder sister, Grace. She had always stood by him, and he knew just how to word the letter to her. Grace was abroad with her mother, and he needed her moral aid and sometimes persuasive powers at this critical moment.

For a week he lived on in his dream of happiness, and then came Dr. Prentiss, their family physician, who was clearly ill at ease, but alert and watchful. For several days the doctor interfered with Spencer's plans, insisting upon going everywhere with him and watching him narrowly, until finally Livingston, irritated beyond passiveness, broke all bounds.

"See here, doctor," he said stoutly. "I want to know what all this means? I follow me about as though I were a criminal. One handsome back you treat me almost like a child. What's the matter?"

"It's nothing, Livingston," protested the physician stoutly. "I needed a little rest, and came down here to get it with you."

whose two sides are alike, and their relation to each other is most important. These triplicate mirrors are now within the reach of every one, glasses eight inches square with clear French glass on the back being sold for 37 cents. In the larger sizes, these mirrors have settings to match any furniture, but they seem especially brilliant in a framework of ebony or mahogany. One handsome back is of French gilt with embossed orchids.

The vanity mirror, which is just large enough to take in the eyes and nose, is the novelty of the season for the dresser. It is a small, round, and delightfully artistic as its manifold settings. A crescent shape has a back of porcelain, showing Cleopatra heads against a changeable crimson background, and the curve of the crescent is perched a child in dull gilt. On the porcelain backs of the circular and fan shapes, appear idealized heads of girls in a framework of dull gilt tulips, and one which is particularly fetching shows that charming picture in miniature of Mme. de Stahl and her daughter. These tiny mirrors have either long or ring handles.

Revolving glasses, with a plain mirror on one side and magnifying mirror on the other, are set high in nickel frames which have holders for a candle on either side of the glass, grooves for the eyebrow and make-up brushes, and a small mirror in the curve of the forehead. The receptacles for cold cream jars and powder puff or for the razor and shaving mug.

Standing mirrors for the dressing table have elegant and costly frames of silver, gilded, square and being shaped, or if crimson velvet as a background for coils of silver. One oblong mirror, a foot and a half high and seven inches wide has an inch-wide frame of plain flat silver, and is sold for \$18. Another and less expensive article shows a tall woman's figure, an outstretched arm supporting the glass, while the clinging drapery of the skirt sweeps around the feet and under the mirror. Circular hand mirrors are built with tapestry backs having a miniature of porcelain in the center. The old-fashioned, oblong mirror with rounded corners is shown with a back as rich as the reverse of a shag rug, and the glass is held by a long gilt handle headed with eagle wings.

laughing died down for a moment. Then, catching sight of his expression of mingled surprise and injury, the laughter started afresh.

"It's too bad," she said, finally, as she stopped laughing from sheer exhaustion. "It was all my fault. Edna Murphy was one of the girls I met while taking a business course. Father insisted upon my having a profession or trade, and I learned typewriting and shorthand. When Edna was taken ill after having secured this place, I persuaded him that it would be good practice and experience for me to take her name and position. I pay her the money I get, and I've been having a lovely time. When I wrote to your mother I did not take your dictation literally, but substituted my own name for the one under which I have passed all summer. You wrote your sister about Edna Murphy and did not tell me. Can you blame them for doing upset?"

"And a think," he said with twinkling eyes, "that I am engaged to be married to Edna Murphy, when I want you. I've always said I'd never marry for money, and if you're John Carruthers' daughter, you're worth two of me."

"Very well, then, I'll remain Edna Murphy."

"Then he went in to send the doctor home."

## WOMEN AND THE RACE TRACK.

(Continued from Page Twenty-four.)

"The woman began to lose steadily. She had a system by which she thought she could surely win, but her nerve left her as hard luck pursued her, and it was soon an extraordinary thing for her to cash a bet."

Before the middle of the season was reached she had dropped \$25,000, which her husband made good. He had been fairly fortunate, but so great was his enthusiasm that he began to neglect his business.

"With losses in his business and his wife still betting unprofitably, he figured up at the end of the season that he was \$60,000 out of pocket. Another year rolled around, and they were still at it, but with no better luck. The man had no time for his business now, and it went to smash."

He was left with some real estate, which he quickly disposed of, only to see the money follow the thousands that he had dropped in the ring. In a few months he was a nervous wreck, and before the season ended he died of a broken heart, it was said.

His wife continued her operations on the track with varying success. Her eldest son tried to dissuade her, but it was no use. The mother still had the gambling fever, and worse than ever.

"Her daughter soon ran away from home, went to the stage, and then disappeared, never to be heard from again. Her eldest son died of heart disease and his brother shipped before the mast."

"Not a day since then has the old woman failed to come to the track. She pawned everything, and last winter she was compelled to work in a cheap restaurant in Brooklyn."

"She showed up at Aqueduct on the first day last spring and began by betting a dollar. Luck was with her, and when Hermie won the Suburban she had rolled up a bank account of nearly \$10,000."

"After that it was the same old story. Nothing could win for her. She lost steadily until to-day found her penniless. She is in poor health and needs a rest. But she will probably go to work again this winter, and if she lives, will be in line again in the spring."

"This case is one of many. It shows why many men contend that a check should be put on race-track speculation by women."



He loosened the lad's collar and raised him.

self acting as two distinct person-alities. There was one who simply drifted on the tide of circumstance, and another who watched the drifting in quiet, impersonal fashion, and was extremely sorry for the other fellow in a friendly way, but was not troubled concerning him. The worst of the tide could do was to lay him gently up on the short cut of the way.

He felt in his pocket and drew out his cigarette case. There were five left. He replaced them carefully. It was a time when items mattered. He would smoke the five, and think, and perhaps at the fifth, the tide would come in.

Two years exactly had passed since he had seen Crittenden. He had gone to LaSalle street in five minutes. As it was, he had stayed over two hours. He had told Crittenden nothing but the cold facts in the case. He was utterly ruined in the crash of May margins and so held the market for another day, he might possibly have won out. As it was, he was worse than penniless, and he wanted \$50,000 from Crittenden. It was to be in the nature of a loan. He would insure his life for \$70,000 and Crittenden the note against him for \$50,000 would cover the insurance regulations. The note against him for \$50,000 would cover the insurance regulations. The note against him for \$50,000 would cover the insurance regulations.

"Good fight, all right," he said, briefly. "Too bad."

It was not much of a straw to grasp at, but there was a look of interested sympathy and appreciation in his glance that coming from John R. Crittenden made it a whole hay load.

Ramsdell had gone to him the next day with the proposition. It was not a sentimental one. Probably if it had been he would have left the office on LaSalle street in five minutes. As it was, he had stayed over two hours.

He had told Crittenden nothing but the cold facts in the case. He was utterly ruined in the crash of May margins and so held the market for another day, he might possibly have won out. As it was, he was worse than penniless, and he wanted \$50,000 from Crittenden. It was to be in the nature of a loan. He would insure his life for \$70,000 and Crittenden the note against him for \$50,000 would cover the insurance regulations.

The fact of Crittenden holding the note against him for \$50,000 would cover the insurance regulations. The note against him for \$50,000 would cover the insurance regulations. The note against him for \$50,000 would cover the insurance regulations.

"I mean what I say," Ramsdell had remarked, after waiting for an answer. "I know that you do," had retorted Crittenden. "If I had any doubt, I'd

white, even to the garb of the chauffeur. The girl beside the latter had worn and all-enveloping cloak of heavy white silk. Her white leather cap set closely on a mass of fair hair, as rich in color as the golden rod on an autumn prairie back home in Illinois.

There was a continental repose and finish to her that placed a barrier of separation between her and the girls whom he had seen about the Casino and hotels. Her long automobile veil of white chiffon was lifted from her face, and as she passed, her dark eyes had looked directly at him.

Clancy Ward & Jaffray's European operator, had told him who she was Clancy's was the only familiar face he had seen since he left the boat at Marseilles.

"She's beyond you, boy; way up, out of sight. Dog and the moon, moan and the flame, light of the star, and all that sort of thing. That is the Marchesa Beata D'Isria."

"Sounds solid and interesting," had commented Ramsdell. "Where does the Marchesa live?"

"On the Riviera, beyond Mentone," Clancy had bent to flick the dust from his patent leather with a narrow-hemmed linen handkerchief. "Villa D'Isria. Going ballooning after the star."

Ramsdell had looked thoughtfully after the dust raised by the white automobile. Somehow its occupant had seemed above discussion with Clancy, and he had spoken curtly.

"One may ride along the Riviera," the trouble was he had ridden often. After one has passed the lemon and olive groves east of Monaco, there is the cliff road on to Mentone, and beyond, where the hills dip to the blue of the sea, one may find the Villa D'Isria, white and stately in the silences of its rose walks and orange groves.

Ramsdell had found it. Every day he had ridden over the cliff road, watching for a glimpse of the girl with the dark eyes, and hair like the